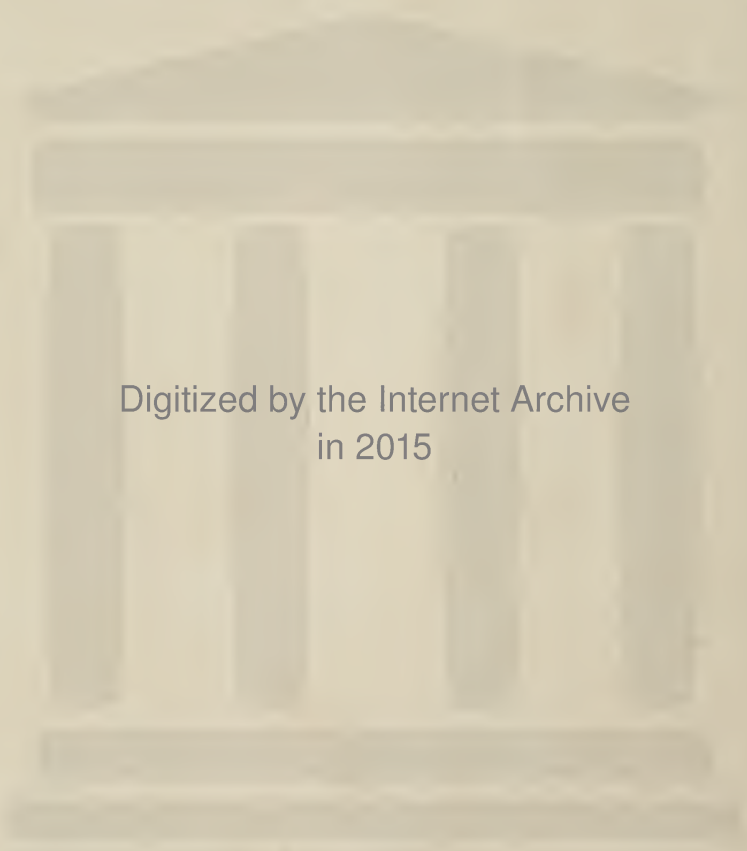


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BREAKFAST AT PAREL SCHOOL. (See page 103)

Life and Light

Vol. XXXIX

MARCH, 1909

No. 3

During these months of February and March our great missionary societies are carrying on, all over the country where are Congregational churches,

THE JOINT an important campaign; a campaign in some respects unprecedented. For in this the representatives of the three great divisions of our missionary work speak at the same meetings, trying to emphasize the missionary opportunity of to-day, and the motive lying back of it all. The purpose of the campaign is twofold: to inform and educate our church members—we are so woefully ignorant of many things we ought to know—and to raise sufficient funds to pay the debts of the three societies, and, if possible, secure a reserve that shall prevent future emergencies. We hope that every reader of LIFE AND LIGHT within the radius of these meetings will give the help of her presence, and we may all well help by our prayer. Help will surely be received, as well as given, as we come in touch with these fervid speakers, and the great facts of which they treat. May we remind our readers also that, when their enthusiasm glows and their pocket book opens, and their hearts thrill with a new sense of need and of their power to meet that need, the natural channel for their gifts for foreign missions is the treasury of the Woman's Board of Missions. Our work is all a part of the work of the American Board. Every one of our missionaries is appointed by that Board before we adopt her; all our schools, hospitals and Bible workers are a part of the great system which that Board supervises so faithfully. Every dollar given to us goes straight to assist the great task which it is facing, and to impoverish our treasury is to weaken its power. Help the American Board generously, and do it most effectively by sending your gifts through this channel which is pledged to meet an important share of their great work.

We find in a recent number of the *Mission News*, published in Japan, these words about some whom we love: "Dr. and Mrs. De Forest were

WORD given a warm welcome on their return to Sendai last month.
FROM JAPAN. As their train approached the city, fireworks were sent up from the cherry park, in their honor; and a large number of distinguished citizens, including the governor and the mayor, welcomed them as they alighted.

Mrs. Clark seems to be a born tourist. The *basha* is excellent medicine for her, and Japanese food, beds, sitting on the floor and the constant change seem helpful to her rather than not. Hotel noises do not disturb her slumbers, though the late hours cut short her sleep; but by doing her talking early in the meetings and leaving early, she usually avoids the lateness. She returns from twenty-four days' outing better in health and more rested than when she started."



NEW HOME OF BAIKWA SCHOOL, OSAKA JAPAN, FRONT VIEW

For thirty years the W. B. M. has paid the salary of two missionary teachers in this school in the great city of Osaka. Now, we find in the *Mission News* the story of the dedication of its fine new GIRLS' SCHOOL. building. The growth of the city had so increased the value of the former site that the sale of that ground brought nearly enough funds to meet the cost of the new land and building. At present the school stands in the midst of rice fields and is a long way from the center of the city. On account of this, at the closing of the old school, some pupils left and went to other schools, reducing the number to one hundred and fifty. But if the friends of the school and the trustees will give it special support for a little while, in about five years it will be in the heart of a new part of the city from which it will draw new pupils in place of the old. There is now urgent need for a dormitory. The new building and grounds are so spacious that the five *Kumi-ai* churches and Sunday schools of the city held

their annual picnic, on the emperor's birthday, at the school. The weather was wet, yet twelve hundred persons were present. Thirty-one years ago the two *Kumi-ai* churches in the city numbered only fifty members, a significant growth. Through the kindness of Miss Lucy E. Case, long a teacher in the school, and now in this country, we can give two views of the new building.



NEW HOME OF BAIKWA SCHOOL, OSAKA, JAPAN

WE call special attention to the Reference Library advertised on the last page of our cover. The text-books for the year, *The Nearer and Farther MISSION STUDY East and Springs in the Desert*, are having a fine sale.

LIBRARY. Many of our societies are well along in their study, others are just beginning. To all of these we wish to give more than a hint that in connection with this study the best investment of five dollars is for the Reference Library provided by the Central Committee. Read the list, note the authors, and send your order to the Woman's Board of Missions while there is opportunity to get for five dollars seven such books, valued at double that price. They are in uniform binding in green—the Moham-medan color which has been much used the present year. These books would be a valuable acquisition in the library of any individual, Sunday school or town.

The pictures, too—thirty-six of them upon twenty-four sheets—are well worth the price of five car fares; also set of maps and charts, four of them,

fifty cents, postage ten cents additional, which furnish valuable facts concerning the Mohammedan world as well as Siam, Burma and Korea.

The statement given below shows under different headings receipts for the last three months compared with receipts for the corresponding months of last year. The figures given under "For Work of THREE MONTHS. 1909" show the accomplishment of what three months ago might have been considered "the impossible." The heading under which we look with greatest solicitude is "For Regular Work." While the comparison in this column indicates a loss of nearly a thousand dollars, this fact may be accounted for by unusual delay in certain quarters, and we confidently hope for a more encouraging comparison at the end of the fourth month. So much courage and zeal have recently been shown in gathering extra funds that we must believe there will be no flagging but real gain as the months pass.

RECEIPTS FOR THREE MONTHS TO JANUARY 18, 1909						
	For Regular Work.	For Buildings.	For Work of 1909.	For Special Objects.	From Legacies.	Total.
1908,	\$22,665.82	\$1,766.00		\$1,058 28	\$1,112.79	\$26,602.89
1909,	21,749.81	410.65	\$9,268.60	511 64	6,596.77	38,537.47
Gain,			\$9,268.60		\$5,483.98	\$11,934.58
Loss,	\$916.01	\$1,355.35		\$546.64		

LENTEN LETTER. Our usual letter to the women in the auxiliaries is ready, and Miss Hartshorn will send it free, on application.

Forty-one years ago two sisters, following a markedly providential leading, gave their lives to the help of the women and girls of Eastern Turkey.

HELPERS WANTED IN BITLIS. Under their care the Mt. Holyoke school at Bitlis has grown to an assured place and a wide influence through all that region, and many of their pupils have gone out as light bearers to their home villages. Now Miss Mary Ely writes begging us to send to their help "two young lady teachers as soon as possible, one to be a kindergarten. Two are needed for many reasons. They would be well employed I can assure you; they would be help and comfort to each other, and the young missionaries would make such a strong working force. God has granted the greatest need, a missionary family, and now we earnestly urge that two young ladies be sent out at the earliest possible moment." Who will go? What two friends will seize this chance?

HELPER WANTED IN MATSUYAMA. Miss Cornelia Judson is carrying alone the burden of a double and wonderful work in Matsuyama, Japan. She has the care of the girls' school with now about one hundred and fifty pupils,

and also directs the night school which is thronged by young people who work during the day. She greatly needs an associate—who will hurry to help her and these eager young Japanese?

The Foochow mission voted in their last annual meeting that they must call for a lady to take charge of the Woman's Training School at Ponasang. **HELPERS WANTED** a lady physician at Ponasang and another at Diong-
IN FOOCHOW. loh. The following paragraph gives one an idea of the need of medical help in this crowded suburb of the great city. Turn to the letters from Miss MacGown and Miss Catlin and see their joy in their work. Like testimony comes from almost every one of our new workers. Do you not covet that joy for yourself or for your dearest girl? Who will go to the Foochow mission?

AN UNSPOKEN CRY FOR HELP

A recent letter from Rev. Lewis Hodous, missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., at Foochow, tells us of the need at Ponasang, a suburb of that great city:—

WITHIN a radius of one mile and a half there is a population of about three hundred and fifty thousand souls. We may safely say that about two hundred and fifty thousand of this population are women and children. It is for these that the hospital should be established. If the ladies of the home churches could get a glimpse of the misery and pain and suffering among these helpless women and children they would not hesitate. Last spring about five thousand children died of smallpox within a radius of a mile and a half where the woman's hospital is to be located. This fall many perished of cholera. Passing along the streets at dusk there was heard the sound of wailing and weeping for the departed ones. On some streets every house had one or two, or sometimes as many as six empty places at the family table. Back of the woman's hospital site at Ponasang, just over the brow of a hill, is a tower built of stone. Just under the eaves of this tower, which is about six feet high and fifteen feet in diameter, is a small opening. Into this opening are cast the little ones who die in infancy. A short time ago this tower was full of babes. One little bundle stopped the opening. There was room for no more. Last spring a church member told me that during the smallpox epidemic about thirty small coffins passed his house almost every day, and then he remarked in an undertone, "And usually people do not furnish coffins for little girls." This procession of coffins and this baby tower point to a greater misery and ignorance in the homes. These homes need a woman physician; they need a hospital in their midst.

AMERICAN COLLEGE FOR GIRLS AT CONSTANTINOPLE

THIS institution, known for many years as the Constantinople Home, was founded by the Woman's Board of Missions in 1871. The first building was provided by money raised by the Woman's Board of Missions, and was named Bowker Hall in honor of Mrs. Albert Bowker, the first President of the Board. The second building, Barton Hall, was given by Mr. William C. Chapin, of Providence, and named in honor of his wife. The "Home" was a high school in which girls of various nationalities gathered, and enjoyed the opportunity of receiving a better education than other institutions in the Levant offered. The first class graduated in July, 1875, and from that time to 1890 seventy-five received the diploma.

In February, 1890, the Massachusetts Legislature granted the institution a college charter, the Board of Trustees being composed of members of the Executive Committee of the Woman's Board of Missions. In March, 1908, a second charter was granted, allowing the election of trustees outside of a Mission Board. One hundred and five students have graduated from the college. Nineteen nationalities have been enrolled. A new site has been purchased, and as soon as practicable the college will be transferred from Scutari to the European side of the Bosphorus.

Until the present year the institution has been largely supported by the Woman's Board of Missions, which has owned the property and has furnished the salaries of several teachers, with an annual appropriation for scholarships and incidentals. Since becoming a college, the institution has developed to such an extent that its present needs are quite beyond the resources of a missionary organization to furnish. The Woman's Board of Missions has now transferred the property and all care for the conduct of the college, financial and otherwise, to the new corporation, called The Trustees of the American College for Girls at Constantinople in Turkey. In making its appropriations for the year 1909, the Woman's Board has not included anything for this institution. Henceforth the salaries, scholarships and other expenses will be otherwise provided. In passing into other hands a school which has for so many years drawn largely upon the interest, sympathy and effort of the Board, the officers of the Board have great confidence that the needs of the college will be more efficiently met under the new régime. The list of teachers whom the Woman's Board of Missions has supported includes names of many honored and beloved. The continued interest of the Executive Committee goes with the college with best wishes for the success of the institution founded in Christian faith and close affiliation with mission work.

INSPECTING OUR SCHOOL AT PAREL, MARATHI MISSION

(See Frontispiece.)

BY MISS ELIZABETH H. VILES

(Miss Viles joined the Mission in 1907.)

HERE is a little description of the Parel School on the day when the government inspector came. I started out at half-past ten, as it takes half an hour to drive to Parel from here, most of the way through crowded dirty streets with high tenement houses on either side, houses where families eat and sleep and cook over open fires—there are no chimneys—all in one room. Many of our Christians live in just this way, and the wonder is that they are as pure and good as they are. Miss Millard and I found a young husband and wife, both teachers in our schools, the wife at Parel living in one small room with a sloping roof, and only half partition separating it from the next room. All the light came through a single pane in the roof, and through the door which opened on a narrow veranda. Everything was as clean as could be, but what a way to live. They are not poor at all as our people go. But to go back to Parel.

We leave the crowded streets and drive through a park which used to be the government house yard, and then we come to Parel village, with its crooked streets, and donkeys and bare, brown babies. Many of the houses are neatly whitewashed, for this is a fairly well-to-do community of good caste Hindus. One longs to have efficient Bible women at work in the houses where many of the younger women received a little education and heard a little of the truth in our mission school. Then we come to the school building, which is much cleaner than the other school meeting places. That is because we have control of the whole second floor of this small building. We climb up the very steep outside stairs, almost a ladder, which are neatly swept to-day. Perhaps there is a goat at the foot which has to be pushed aside before we can climb up. The old man who, for many years, has gathered the children and taken them home, for the sum of two dollars and thirty cents a month, greets us at the head of the stairs and leads us along the narrow porch to the schoolrooms. It is very quiet, for this is a great day, and all are on their best behavior. Everything is beautifully clean with fresh whitewash which covers many things in this land.

We look in first to the room where rows and rows of little tots are sitting on the floor, learning their A B C's. They have slates, for the day of pencil and paper has not come to these schools. Some of the bigger tots are reading the primer, and all of them can sing some little songs, and repeat the Lord's prayer. All the children gather in this room for a simple

opening exercise, consisting of a hymn and a prayer from one of the teachers, and the Lord's prayer. To-day they are singing something with a chorus about the love of Jesus. We cannot hope that many of these little ones will ever become Christians, but we hope that they will never forget what they have been taught of God as their loving Father. It is a gay, pretty sight of eighty little children in their bright-colored jackets and skirts, or coats and diminutive loin cloths, if they are boys, for there are a handful of boys among them. The head of each little girl is as shiny as oil can make it, and nearly every pug is surrounded with flowers. In nearly all



DRAWING LESSON, PAREL SCHOOL

the little ears and many of the noses there are rings, and every arm has glass bangles.

One little girl is the pet of her home. A servant brings her to school every morning. Around her neck is a gold chain, and there are real pearls in her ears. She has been in school some time and no doubt will be married before long. Another little girl you would notice for her keen, clear little face, and the peculiar way in which her hair is braided and wound up like a pug dog's tail. She is a little Brahmin girl. All the children in this school are of high castes.

Devotional exercises over, the older children come into the two small

rooms reserved for them. They have benches to sit on and higher benches on which to write. A few minutes waiting and the government inspector is here. He is a Brahmin gentleman who has been examining schools for twenty years, and is about to retire on a well-earned pension. He is very gentle and kind with the children, but they are nervous and timid, for this is the day of all days to them. The highest class reads from the fourth reading book, does arithmetic, a little grammar dictation and a little geography. They may be eleven years old and it is quite time they were getting married. Then there is a third, and second, first and infant grade, besides the little beginners.

The teachers are more nervous than the children. There are three teachers in the school, Shewantibai, Bhagubai and Vessubai, the young wife whose house I spoke of. They are all Christian young women, not trained teachers, but doing their work faithfully. The inspector is pleased with the work on the whole, and says there is a real improvement since last year. The inspection closes with singing and marching, a rather difficult affair in the smaller rooms. To show you what sort of a man this inspector is, though not a Christian, I must tell you an incident which occurred at one of the other schools. The class was reading a lesson which brought in the making of vows. He asked them if it was right to make vows, and brought out the thought that it was bribing God. He asked them if they wanted something they told their fathers they would give money or do some great thing if the father would give them what they wanted. The children said "no." Then he said, "God is our father, and we should go to him as we go to our earthly fathers." Isn't that pretty near Christian teaching? No doubt it is the result of the Christian influences which are permeating this land.

REACHING THE FIELD

BY MISS ELLEN W. CATLIN

Miss Catlin reached her field November 30th, and dates this letter, Euphrates College, Harpoot, Turkey in Asia:—

WE were met at Samsoun by Miss Poole, one of the lady touring missionaries from Harpoot. She had come thus far with Miss Bush, her former touring companion, who was then on her way home to America after thirty-five years of service in Turkey. By this change Miss Poole is obliged to give up most of the traveling work to the smaller villages, but she is hoping that a new companion may be found soon. We left Samsoun Friday morning at six o'clock, expecting to reach Harpoot in a

little more than two weeks, counting stops over Sunday at other mission stations. The distance is between three and four hundred miles, and an express train would cover it in less than a day. However, traveling with a pair of horses in a heavy wagon and requiring our baggage outfit to keep up with us, is a different matter. Even though we usually got up at two, three or four o'clock, we had no time to spare. The roads are often very rough, stones as large as a stout man's fist being sown all over their surface, and the hills are numerous and steep. You understand, of course, that all the roads are made by hand, since there are no steam rollers in this part of Turkey; and if there were there would be no coal to run them, it having been the policy of the old régime to forbid the taking of mineral wealth from the earth. The result has been to keep the country much poorer than it ought to be, and also to bring about a great scarcity of fire wood. The forests have all been cut off, and the mountains are well-nigh bare. Naturally there are no small streams to keep the land well watered and fertile, and the hills and plains appear like a desert to New England eyes. If the politicians at home who are opposing the bills for the preservation of the forests and the planting of new trees could get a realizing glimpse of the hills of Turkey, I feel sure they would immediately change their ways.

Another thing which made our journey a slow one was the wagon in which we rode. The *yailey*, as it is called, is of very heavy build, and thus the horses cannot be driven swiftly. Moreover, the horses are much smaller than even our driving horses, due, I presume, to generations of underfeeding. The *yailey* in which we rode was quite comfortable when we had our baggage properly arranged. Since mattresses always and beds usually are lacking at the inns where we stop over night, we must carry these things with us. We had our folding beds strapped on in back, and our mattresses and bedding under us on the flat bottom of the wagon. Our pillows and bags, containing some of the clothes we needed most, often were propped up in back of us to lean against, while the luncheon boxes, the horses' feedbag and various other bundles were toward the front with the driver. Our butter can was slung under the *yailey*, and our suit cases tied on in back. For the fun of it we counted how many pieces we had in all, and found we had thirty-two. Besides the other *yailey* in our train was the load wagon containing two trunks, a box of books, the food chest and three men.

We saw many interesting people in varied and surprising costumes. The first day out we met any quantity of Turks driving ox or buffalo carts. These carts are built entirely of wood, and the heavy wheels make a most abominable squeaking and shrieking. The men seem to like it, and say the

oxen will not go without it. As we came nearer Harpoot these carts disappeared, and trains of camels—I counted eighty-seven in one train—and strings of donkeys and load horses took their place. The tiny little donkeys seemed overloaded with huge bundles as large as their own bodies on either side, but I am told they are extremely tough little beasts. I was successful in getting snapshots of the camels, stepping by silently, slowly, one by one. Among other load animals we saw, when we reached the Kurdish villages, many women with great burdens of fagots on their backs. As for the costumes, the men all wear the fez, of course, though many Turks and most of the Kurds wind a handkerchief or scarf around it, so that it looks like a turban. Many men also wear a long garment with skirts, but this appears to be the custom about Harpoot rather than generally.



CAMEL TRAIN GOING TO HARPOOT

The Turkish women usually wear loose trousers, heelless slippers and a long veil covering the head, face and upper part of the body. The Kurdish women wear a high headdress, no veil and a skirt somewhat like a man's elongated nightshirt. The Armenian women and girls favor clothes much like ours, except when they are doing coarse work, but hats are an unknown quantity. All wear a shawl held closely about the head and lower part of the face. The children are bright little youngsters, but look as if in need of a bit of merrymaking and a deal of school training.

The inns where we stopped at night were rather poor, built of mud bricks. Some have wood floors, and some only earth. They are built

around a court, and usually the horses are stabled under the sleeping apartments. These same "apartments" generally consist of a bare room with a raised place along one side to sit down on and a straw matting on the floor. At the better inns we found a chair or two and a table. If there were a settee or a bedstead we sometimes asked to have it carried out. Why? We always tried to reach the inns in good season at night, for fear there might be "no room at the inn." Indeed, I don't doubt some of the inns we visited are like the one from which Mary and Joseph were turned at Bethlehem on the first Christmas. We found something to enjoy even at them, however, laughed over the difficulties, or, when we could not quite do that, remembered that our Lord when he was on earth as the lowly



BRIDGE OVER THE EUPIRATES, NEAR HARPOOT

Nazarene must have had many of the same kind of things to stand. He walked the dusty roads; he was often "in the press of the crowd"; he endured all the infirmities of mankind. . . .

One of the things which was ever an unfailing source of delight and enjoyment was the exquisite mountain scenery. We crossed two high ranges, and throughout our entire land journey were never out of sight of "the everlasting hills." I find that I have from my windows here in Harpoot a splendid view of a great range of mountains across a wide plain. Though I miss Mansfield and old Whiteface, I have one especial and favorite peak to look at every day.

I am busy now studying Armenian, teaching English in the college and

high school, and trying to learn the ways of the people. Last Sunday I went touring with Miss Poole to Husenig, a little village about three miles off on the plain. She held a meeting for women and asked me to say a few words. I did so, the preacher translating for me. I am enjoying my work and my surroundings and everyone with whom I come in contact. The missionaries have been exceedingly kind, and form one of the most delightful missionary circles to be found anywhere, I feel sure. Miss Riggs, Miss Poole and I are in the same house together, and to save fuel, as well as to enjoy each other's company, we sit together in the same sitting room in the evening. Except that I have felt sorry that those at home have wished so much to see me, I have not been homesick a bit.

LAYING THE CORNERSTONE OF ROBERT COLLEGE

BY MISS M. E. REYNOLDS

(A teacher in the girls' school in Eski Tagra in 1869.)

[Robert College and its graduates have done so much in preparing the way for the changes which are bringing better days to Turkey, that this story of its beginning is specially interesting to-day.—ED.]

ON the afternoon of April 8th I went to the top of "Hissar Hill" with Dr. Pratt, to witness the breaking of the turf on the site of the new Robert College to be. After a brisk walk of about fifteen minutes, along the shores of the beautiful Bosphorus, we began climbing the hill where workmen were grading a road which the Turkish government has given permission to Dr. Hamlin to make as fine as he pleases. He surely seems to be doing his best to show the people how a road should be made.

The site is quite on the point of the hill where, though it takes the brunt of the north wind, it commands a view of the Giant's Mountain, where, it is said, Joshua sat down and put his feet in the Bosphorus. A little to the left of the mountain is the Egyptian palace, seen distinctly even at this great distance, and seeming to stand on a little platform of white marble close to the blue water's edge, white and glistening in the sunlight. All the palaces that line the water are white or crystal, and as the atmosphere is usually very clear and bright, the hills green and in many places very dark green, with cyprus groves, the effect is very beautiful.

This day the sky was the clearest, the water the bluest, and the wind, well—not quite the coldest that ever was! I began to fear I would be the only woman present, but on reaching the spot Mrs. Dr. Long appeared in sight, seated on the side of an overturned wheelbarrow. Later, other ladies, mostly English, came, and I was at ease.

At four o'clock, according to a signal before agreed upon, the workmen on the road, came up in file, wheeling their barrows, and carrying their spikes and spades over their shoulders. They took places in line facing the company. The doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," was sung. Dr. Hamlin read two passages of Scripture: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

He spoke of the trouble and the time that had been spent procuring the site for the building. Several years ago the deeds were made out, and only



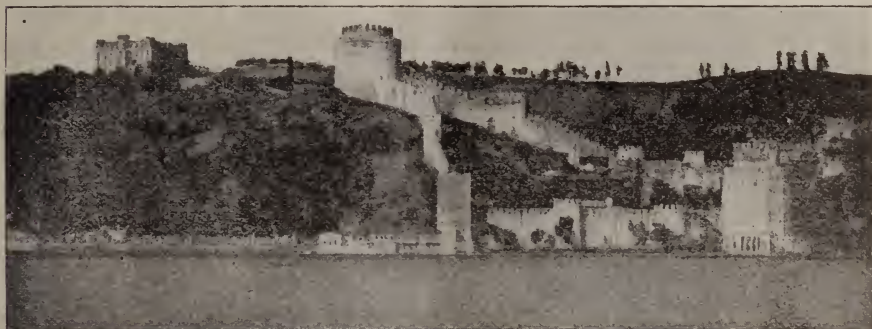
ROBERT COLLEGE

within a very short time has permission been given to build. Other gentlemen followed with short speeches—Dr. Thomson of the British and Foreign Bible Society, Revs. E. E. Bliss and I. G. Bliss—all with good wishes for the prosperity of Robert College. Then Dr. Hamlin took from one of the men a pickaxe, and stepping out where all could see, said: "I strike for Robert College and America." Dr. Thomson followed, "I strike for Scotland." Mrs. Callucher, the matron of the college, then came down a slope, and catching the falling pick, said, "I strike for England." This called forth a shout and clapping of hands. She did it very gracefully.

By the way, when Dr. Thomson struck, somebody called out, "Do ye

find any old red sandstone?" and just then the pick hit a red stone, which seemed an answer.

Mr. Ray, the French teacher at the college, struck for Switzerland, his native country. Others connected with the college—teachers, stewards and students—struck respectively for France, Syria, Germany, Turkey, Armenia, Bulgaria and Italy, all these being represented in the student body, although Bulgaria has the majority. (I suppose that is one reason why I am so interested in the college. It is doing a good work for our part of the field.)



ROBERT COLLEGE, WITH WALL OF CASTLE OF EUROPE AND BOSPHORUS IN FOREGROUND

Following these exercises was a prayer by Dr. Long. We then went into a small workmen's shed, and had a collation of sandwiches and tea. We had an opportunity of realizing what a cold place it will be in windy weather. A strong gust blew in a large door at the end, and many ran to escape injury. So ended a memorable afternoon, to be recalled whenever I hear Robert College mentioned.

SIAMESE WOMEN AND THE BIBLE

Mr. Carrington, at present in this country on furlough, writes:—

IN the early seventies, when on a tour the writer offered a Siamese woman a portion of the Bible, those standing near by laughed, saying, "She is a woman." In that day few Siamese women were able to read, and must needs be laughed at when offered a book. Now by the scores, yes, by the thousands, they are able to read, and in Bangkok and outside towns and cities purchase thousands of our Scriptures and read them.

A few years ago the intelligent King of Siam abolished slavery in his country. Now from one end of the land unto the other there is no legal

slavery. His Majesty, the present king, willed that all born upon his birthday and after should not be sold or held in slavery, and now all are free.

Very pathetic is the story of the slave woman who was for some three years the nurse of our baby at Ayuthia. Mrs. Carrington laid down her price before her master, and he made her free on condition that she work it out. One day this woman spoke of reading the Scriptures. Mrs. Carrington said to her, "Why, do you read?" Her reply was, "I do." She used to lie down upon the matting before Mrs. Carrington's baby and read the Bible. When her husband and others went to the temple to make offerings before the idols of Buddha, she went not. She became a believer in Christ and was baptized by me. It was the testimony of her husband that she



A SIAMESE DERRICK

remained a Christian all her days. Hers was the most gentle, exemplary, godly life. Many years since she passed into the rewards of the righteous.

Then there is the evil of gambling. This has been substantially abolished in districts outside of Bangkok. His Majesty has great reason to be congratulated upon this. Formerly, as now in Bangkok, the women of Siam were great gamblers in all these outside regions. The main place for this vice is a large mat of twenty or thirty feet in diameter. About this the gamblers sat or stood—forty, sixty, or a hundred in the circle, men and women. The mothers usually had their babies with them, asleep in their arms or crawling about the dirty floor imbibing the very atmosphere of the dreadful place into their little beings. Now in Bangkok it requires the Word of God and the grace of God to win these women and girls from

this pernicious habit. It was nearly opposite one of these places one day that a woman came to me as I was out with the Scriptures and commenced to take some of them. Finally she said, "I want nine books. I have nine children and I want one for each child." I do not say she had been in the gambling house. I trust and hope she had not been there.

The little incident just told above shows how some of them are thinking of their children. As a rule these mothers love their children. "Mother, how many children have you?" If she has many, at least eight or nine, she is much pleased to say so. Oh! for mothers who want one book for each of these nine. God bless them and bring them to a saving knowledge of his Son.

These women are worthy wives of their husbands, they are worthy mothers of their children, worthy sisters of their brothers, worthy daughters of their parents, worthy of their country. Not that they are perfect, nor even what they should be, and will be, under the spell and power of God's own Word by and by. Some of them are bad enough, none are good enough, but thanks to God some of them are good and on their way to be better.

What traits of character are hidden in these bosoms and come forth at times!

Fondness of dress.—This, if it go not too far, is worthy and deserves to be noticed. On all gala days and days of calling upon one another, this is called forth. Modestly clothed in their chosen colors is a feature pre-eminent. But it is all with such taste that who could rebuke this trait.

Fondness for talking.—Our Siamese sisters will not be outdone in their conversational powers when occasion offers. This will serve us in scattering the Word and a knowledge of it when they become converted and the occasion offers for this feature of our work.

Fondness for singing.—Very pretty pastimes they have at stated occasions. One of them is river recreation. The boats are filled with young people—one with young men, another with young maidens. They move up and down the rivers at night, singing in response, one to the other. It is very pleasant to listen to those jovial crews. When all this is subdued to obedience to God's Word, who is there that cannot see a sacredness in it all.

Modesty.—The Siamese maidens have an innate modesty within their bosoms worthy of mention and emulation—not all of them to be sure, but I may say very many—most of them.

One day while we were off in the country a Siamese woman came to us from across the fields with something rolled up in a cloth. It was a few pennies. She wanted to buy some books. She was told they were books

that tell of Jesus. She replied, "That is just why I want them." She unfolded her pennies, and laid them down for the books. Mrs. Carrington gave her back her pennies, and paid for the books herself. What modesty this woman showed. Her motive was not discovered perhaps, but what there is in a motive!

Away up at Pak Nam Pho there lives a family, at least three of whom believe in the Lord Jesus. They obtained some of our books, and by the blessing of the Holy Spirit believed, without the help of man—the father, wife and daughter. The wife and daughter may have been helped some by the father. Many years ago, before the railroad ran up there, I was in that region on a tour. I called upon those people, whom the Rev. Mr. Cooper had met before. I conversed with them upon the subject of the Christian religion, and furnished them with some books. At bedtime I retired to my boat for the night. I heard that daughter reading from the book of Genesis. Her voice rang out clear as a bell in the night. Some time after, when her mother and she had come down to Bangkok, some of us went up to where they were stopping. Her mother had gone out. But we had a delightful meeting of worship with the daughter.—*Bible Society Record*.

SIAMESE BOYS AND GIRLS

A SIAMESE boy learns to walk and to smoke cigarettes at the age of two years. Soon afterwards he learns to swim, and at the age of seven or eight he can paddle a small boat, and is able to take care of himself out on the river. At first I used to feel alarmed at seeing five or six children in a little boat, loaded down to the water's edge, all laughing and shouting in high glee, for I was afraid they would upset and be drowned, but I soon learned that they thought there was no better fun than to tip the boat over and send all who were in it headforemost into the water. As for being drowned, there was no more danger of that than if they had been so many ducks.

When a Siamese boy is eighteen years old he usually becomes a priest, or rather a "nain," as the young priests are called who are old enough to take full orders. Sometimes they enter the priesthood earlier than this, sometimes later; but every boy who has any ambition to rise above the lowest rank must remain at least a short time in one of the temples. When he enters the priesthood his head is shaved and he wears a yellow robe, and every morning goes about the city begging rice for himself and the older priests. He is taught to read and write, and to repeat the long prayers, of which he does not understand a word; but his friends think it is a high honor to be a priest, and when his father and mother happen to meet him

they worship him as they do their idol. Usually he does not remain in the temple more than three months, and after that time has expired he helps his parents or goes to work in some way to make his living.

With the girls it is different. If a man has three children, two of whom are boys, and you should ask him about his family, he would say he had two children and a girl. From this you will understand that they don't think much of the girls in this country.

During the first eight or ten years of her life a Siamese girl grows up with her brother, and lives very much as boys do. Afterwards she has usually a hard life. If she is bright and graceful, and her parents are poor, they will probably sell her to the owner of a theatre, to be trained as an actress; or if they are people of higher rank they will present her to the king, and she will be confined in the palace among the king's wives until she is grown up. Here she will be as safe as anywhere else, but she must be the servant of the women of the harem, and her life is far from happy. It is impossible to explain to the Siamese children what we mean by the words "home" and "family." They have no word in their language to express either idea.

I know a young prince who was asked by an American lady how many brothers and sisters he had, and he said he did not know. She inquired if he had fifty, and he replied that he supposed so, but really could not tell. The late king had nearly ninety sons and daughters, and many of the nobles have families almost as large. Often the wives live in different places, in order to keep peace with the family, and the children grow up as strangers to one another. Thus, you see, many of the blessings which are so familiar to boys and girls at home that they forget to be thankful for them, are altogether unknown to the children of Siam.—*The Missionary Messenger*.

A valuable article in *Woman's Work*, January, 1909, sums up under six heads the progress of Siamese women since 1875, viz.: (1) Improvement THIRTY YEARS in Homes; (2) Position of the Wife Elevated; (3) Gain IN SIAM. in Modesty; (4) General Respect for Women Increased; (5) Progress in Education; (6) Christian Progress. Convincing examples show great improvement in each of these points.

BIBLE WOMEN IN TIRUMANGALAM, MADURA MISSION

BY MRS. H. C. HAZEN

WE now have six women at work, the newest one being Mary, the wife of James. He was formerly one of our best catechists in the Arupukottai Station, but just before we went on our last furlough he became suddenly and violently insane, carrying dangerous looking knives, etc. We sent him to the hospital, and after a time the violence ceased, but his mind seemed wrecked as though he had softening of the brain. With that paralysis developed, and when we returned we found the family adrift, and in a most pitiable condition. The wife not very strong, and five girls in the family. We married off the oldest girl, took the other four into school,

without charging the usual fees, and told Mary, the wife, she might see what she could do at Bible woman's work in Palavanattam. I confess I had not much faith in the experiment, for Palavanattam is a large bigoted place filled with all manner of unrighteousness, so that we have had difficulty in keeping up even a small school, and our predecessor found it necessary to discipline so many of the Christians that they have decreased instead of increasing. Everyone has felt it a punishment to be sent there, and Mary was very reluctant to go, but her need was very great, and I felt that large heathen village needed some one to witness for Christ. The first week in September I took the two Bible women who work here in Tirumangalam, and went to visit Mary at Palavanattam, Pakiam at Mundudeippu, and Anna Parish at Mallankinaru. I found that Mary had been doing splendid work. Her pupils knew their lessons well, and to my surprise had courage sufficient to read and recite in the presence of fifty or one hundred people who gathered out of curiosity to see the white lady, and see her pictures. For two or three hours I preached in the schoolroom, which was packed so full it overflowed at all the doors and windows. After luncheon I went with the Bible women to visit those who were not allowed to come to the schoolroom. Only one woman was prevented by her husband from reciting her lessons.

We went to visit one Christian family, and as the house was full of smoke from the preparation of the evening meal, we were forced to remain on the front veranda, which was close to the public street. Of course we soon had a noisy crowd, so that there was not room to kneel properly in prayer, but while we were doing the best we could, and others were keeping remarkably quiet, the angry husband who refused to allow his wife to read came and mocked us in loud tones. "Stop praying about other things, and let's see if you know how to pray for rain," he repeated over and over again, and we took up the challenge, although his words were blasphemous. "If it rains in three days I will believe your God made it rain. But it will not rain. It is you Christians and your God that hinders the rain, and makes the famine and all the trouble." We had five miles more to go in a springless two-wheeled cart before we could take the train for home. We had not been in the cars more than three minutes when it began to rain, but not a sober orthodox rain. Literally the flood gates were opened, and it poured. It came down the ventilators and around the windows, which were instantly closed, until we had floods of water on the floor. The men got up and sat on the backs of the seats so as to keep their feet dry, and we women bemoaned the fact that we dared not do the same. Was it God answering the challenge of that wicked man? And will he be convinced? Surely his foolish talk must have been stopped.

Anbammal was one who was with me on that tour. She is the little woman left a widow with seven children, two of whom the Lord has since taken, one of whom eats in the school. Her trials have been great and her burdens very heavy, but better even than Job has she smiled through the tears when they were determined to fall. Cheerful and bright always, she is a living sermon on Christ's peace and joy. She is doing an excellent work, and one old widow wishes to unite with the church this coming Sunday, who is the result of Anbammal's work.

Snamiadial or Sunthosham also went with us on that tour. She is also an excellent worker; one who makes most fervent prayers and is kindness and generosity personified. But, alas! she has one great fault, or at least she did have. She was left a widow with six children, her husband's last days being clouded by money matters, so that it is supposed that he shortened his own life. I fear his wife was largely to blame for their financial difficulties. With her oldest daughter's marriage and the reckless extravagance of her second son, who is too proud to work unless he can get big wages, and with the fees, books and clothes to provide for the other four, she would have found need of the strictest economy to keep out of debt. But with all the rest she loves to give liberally to the church, to missions, to the poor. She will pick up a cripple, or a blind woman, or a forsaken child and care for them as though they were her own flesh and blood. Even the stray dogs and cats find a friend in her. But when I found that this meant debts on all sides, I told her plainly that what would otherwise have been a virtue had become a sin and must be stopped. I think she is making a strenuous effort, but the habits of a lifetime are difficult to break. During our siege of cholera, when others were panic stricken and worse than useless, these two women, Anbammal and Sunthosham, were invaluable helps. Indeed, they always are in times of sickness and death. I do not see, even apart from their Bible work, how I could spare them in their office of nurses and undertakers. But do pray that Sunthosham may learn to live without contracting any more debts.

Lydia is in a village four miles away. She comes in once a month, and day after to-morrow I go again to inspect her work. Lydia's method of teaching is rather unsatisfactory at first, and one has to exercise some patience until the months and years prove that she has, in her own way, accomplished wonders. Nearly all of her women can read well and sing beautifully and recite the other lessons well; so I have asked her to go every other day to a village one mile away, where we have a new congregation in which the women are as ignorant and superstitious as the most darkened Hindus, although they call themselves Christians because their husbands are.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS IN SPAIN

A friend sends us the following extracts from a speech by a "liberal" Spanish orator, Galdós:—

"WE wish that the barbarous aphorism contained in the three words 'Liberalism is a sin' should disappear. If we could imitate the cruel intolerance of our enemies and their inquisitorial proceedings, we would ask that this motto be burned at the hand of the executioner. . . . Our desire is to banish forever from the soil of our country the powers which, exotic and in no wise spiritual, come to direct our policies. . . . and to make themselves masters of the whole Spanish life; to grip education with a cruel claw in order to mould coming generations to their own likeness."

Sr. D'Angelo spoke of the fight carried on by the right wing against the advances made by the democracy, "using the woman who is a prisoner of the confessional and the youth who are educated without the conscience of their patriotic duties." He said "the head of the right wing was the priest; the axis of the left wing should be the teacher and arms. The diffusion of culture among the people until the citizen lives in full liberty of conscience and the independence of civil power is a power perturbed by no other." He ended saying that as the greatest point of the last third of the nineteenth century was the abolition of slavery among negroes, so the greatest glory of the first third of the twentieth century should be the abolition of the slavery in which the thought of the Spaniards is confined.

We receive also extracts from the report of the Christian Endeavor Convention at Barcelona written by a delegate:—

We are exceedingly happy because we have had the privilege of attending the convention at Barcelona. It was a wonderful meeting, well worth seeing. We had never seen such interest in Spain as on this occasion. God has permitted his workers in Spain to find an oasis in the midst of the sandy way. A theatre that holds more than two thousand persons was full of evangelical Christians, for no one could enter except by ticket, or it would have been full of those who came for curiosity. The singing was beautiful, for the Catalonians sing very well.

All the delegates took their banners, and there were twenty-seven, each one more beautiful than its neighbor. When each city was called the delegate came out with the banner, walked around the audience room and down the middle aisle to the platform, where he saluted the audience and gave his message, and then placed himself behind the presiding officers. It was beautiful to see the effect of all the banners together filling the rear of the platform.

Protestantism has not taken deep root in Spain, and that is because

Roman Catholicism seems to have dried up among us the pure springs of spirituality, and he who is emancipated from Roman Catholic tyranny is almost impossible to be reached by the sentiment of a real religion.

Yesterday's meeting showed up well the great advantages that Protestantism has over Roman Catholicism. It is much more rational, freer from routine formulas, and much more adapted to individuals over whom, on account of their culture, religious fanaticism has no hold.

The presentation of the banners sent by the different societies in Spain was a beautiful scene. The fervor with which the Protestant congregation carries on its service formed a notable contrast to the attitude adopted by the greater part of those who assist at the Catholic churches, in whom there is an utter lack of religious feeling. Those who took part also showed the great difference that exists between the Protestant pastor and the Catholic priest.

BEGINNING WORK IN NORTH CHINA

BY MISS MARIAN G. MACGOWN

(Miss MacGown reached Tientsin in November, 1908.)

WE have such a big field here that I just cannot let myself think about it or I could never be content to wait the necessary time before I begin my work among these people. Besides the schools, there is the interesting evangelistic work among the women here and in our three out-stations. That part of the work appeals to me very much. Almost nothing has been done, for lack of anyone to do it. Miss Porter has most kindly been holding a station class for us at one of our out-stations, not far from Peking, and has sent us a most encouraging and interesting report from there. She has also offered to come here at New Year's time to hold a class—an offer which we have gratefully accepted. We need another lady as soon as possible that she may have charge of the educational work, and I of the evangelistic, or *vice versa*. At present Mrs. Ewing is doing all she can. There is a day school in the city which she examines once a week, and which has about a dozen pupils. She holds a prayer meeting there after examining the children. She also has a prayer meeting here once a month, and a meeting with the women after church Sunday to explain the sermon, much of which they, with their total lack of education, cannot understand. We have a Bible woman here and one in the city now—none, I believe, at any of the out-stations. Both our Bible women went to Miss Porter's station class as helpers and came back brimful of enthusiasm.

I want to tell you of our trip to our nearest out-station, five miles from here. Mr. and Mrs. Ewing, the two boys, the new Chinese helper, who is stationed there, and I went. Nothing has been done among the women there. The children have been taught a few hymns. We have a chapel in the town where Mrs. Ewing and I established ourselves. One old lady appeared at once, in fact was in the crowd which collected while we were opening the gate. She told Mrs. Ewing how her son had committed suicide by taking opium, and how sore and lonely her heart was. She has one grandson, a nice looking youth, who had at one time rented our place there, and who shortly came in bringing the inevitable tea. Another woman came with her own teapot in her hand, as she was in the midst of preparing food, a pastime in which the Chinese seem to indulge whenever it occurs to them, rather than at any regular time. Before long quite a crowd collected, including one old man who is one of the few church members in Peitsan, and who welcomed us most effusively, and told the people that now the great opportunity of their lives had come and they must listen carefully to all that was said. Then Mrs. Ewing talked to them. They listened, even the many children keeping still for the most part. I suppose they understood little. Such work must be followed up to really count. They have not seen much of foreigners and our clothes interested them rather more than our words. Some of the women edged around behind us and soon I felt little pecks at my hair and coat. At that time all I could say to them was to ask them if their babies were boys or girls, and to say they were good children—an observation which, as far as I could see, produced the same kind of an effect it would upon an American mother. The expedition gave me a good opportunity to see work on entirely new ground. It made me long to be able to go until they were used to me and ready to listen, to put a Bible woman among them, hold station classes, etc.—all the work of which this first visit should be only a forerunner.

Of course our greatest interest just now centers upon the deaths in the royal family and the new Emperor and Regent. Many rumors have been about, all of which seem practically groundless. As far as we can see, everything is going on smoothly. The new Regent, according to most reports, is one of the best of the princes. He has been abroad, has progressive ideas, yet is not over radical. His right-hand man is Yuen Shi Kui—you doubtless remember him as the governor of Shantung at the time of the Boxer outbreak, the man who effectually protected all the missionaries and other foreigners in his province. He seems just the man to lead China now. We believe she has entered upon an era of real prosperity, though of course the changes bring many new problems.

I am really enjoying the study of the language, though I cannot seem to keep it up as many hours a day as some do. It gives me the keenest satisfaction to say anything to the Chinese and find they understand it. Of course, I have made no long speeches as yet. I suppose I say things wrong, but that does not trouble me while I still do not know better. I have a very nice teacher.

These first weeks which everyone told me would be so hard are passing quickly and happily. I am neither lonely nor homesick, but glad I am here and looking forward with joy to the work I hope to do—the work I should feel helpless to do were I less sure of a strength greater than my own. I can feel constantly the benediction of the prayers of those at home.

MISSIONARY LETTERS

NORTH CHINA

Miss Reed, of Peking, tells us a bit about herself and our other young women missionaries in that mission:—

We hear that Miss MacGown is very busy in Tientsin, and has settled down to work in a remarkable way. They are very happy in having her there. Those who have met her feel that she is just the one for Tientsin, in the conditions there. She seems capable of taking the leadership, which will come to her more than it sometimes does to new ladies.

Miss Browne is very busy, and is said to be carrying all kinds of work in Tung-chou, and doing it wonderfully well. She is beset by admonitions not to do too much, and people there try hard to see that she does not, but she feels very strong again, and is so eager to do the work.

Miss Abbie Chapin is having a hard time just now. She stayed in Kagan for some time, helping in the work there, and wishing to be near her sister, who seems to have only a little time left on earth. But a strange ailment came upon her, and she was brought back to Tung-chou last week. She is doing very well now, they say. Dr. Ingram says her trouble is different from anything he has seen or heard of. Except for this, she is in unusually good health, with a great deal of vigor from a most helpful summer, so we hope she may recover from this all right.

As for myself, my program is full and running over in various spots, and I let no minutes go to waste. Extra things have to find an early morning hour, if they would be done. But I do keep well, and I trust still that I shall not break my good record of health. This school work is keeping all the teachers very busy, but we rejoice in it, and this year are especially

thankful for an unusually good spirit among the girls. These few days (of mourning for the Emperor and Empress Dowager) have been given especially to thought of their country, with a special meeting for prayer morning and afternoon, and it has been beautiful to see their response. The hour has been filled always with very earnest prayer for China and its rulers, and for all its growth. There has been something so sincere and spontaneous in it, that we feel it has been a real time of growth. Such evidences of real earnestness in heart are the full reward for all the work. In many ways we are seeing an improvement over last year that makes us glad.

MARATHI MISSION

Dr. Ruth P. Hume, in charge of our hospital at Ahmednagar, tells us:—

Our hospital has sometimes been so full that we have not known where to put another patient. . . . You will rejoice that we are able to reach so many more patients than at first. We do not have to pray that patients may come to us. They are coming, our largest number at one time being forty-three, and some bring friends also. More and more patients are willing to come if they can have a room to themselves. We usually have eight or ten patients on the veranda, some being put there from choice, and some from necessity, for lack of ward room.

MADURA MISSION

Miss Mary Noyes, with Miss Helen Chandler in charge of Capron Hall, gives us a glimpse of one of their fête days:—

This year, instead of preparing a special program for our prize giving we had each class or department do one of their regular school exercises. We had the exercises out of doors, where there was plenty of room for the drills, and the audience expressed themselves as much pleased. At the close of the exercises creepers and trees were planted by the different departments of the school, the elementary school planting creepers in the name of "Mother Chandler"; the normal school a group of trees in the name of my sister; and the high school in the names of the king and queen. We are all very loyal these days. We have celebrated the king's birthday, and also the jubilee of the queen's proclamation on November 2d, with appropriate songs and addresses and games and sports. Our flags, presented some years ago by a Christian Endeavor Society, are the finest anywhere around, and look splendid floating from the top of Capron Hall.

Nearly all the prizes given, and nice ones they were, came out of some box sent to me or to Miss Chandler, so the occasion gives much pleasure to the girls and costs us little.

Miss Helen Chandler says :—

Dr. Parker and Mlle. Cronier have a large and flourishing family of children, all interesting and bright. Nearly all are children left at the hospital or sold to Dr. Parker. One child has an English father, but she is no fairer than the others, her ancestry showing in her mischievousness.

MISSIONARY NEWS ITEMS

ISLAM IN CHINA

A recent number of the *Chinese Recorder* gives us interesting news concerning Mohammedanism in China. Its history goes far back, perhaps, as its old tradition declares, to the uncle of the prophet, who, in the year 628 came on a special mission to the Emperor in Peking. Certainly Moslem merchants and soldiers must have come to China very early. They were sometimes favored by the government, sometimes persecuted, sometimes barely endured. The increase in the course of the centuries has been so great that now the faithful number between twenty and thirty million. Nine tenths of them live in the east provinces. In Kansu alone there are ten thousand, and in Peking at least one hundred thousand. In Nanking they have no fewer than twenty-four mosques, which in architecture and situation are very similar to Chinese temples, even the minaret is lacking; only the fountain, the pulpit and the niche for prayer are found. Even the public call to prayer five times a day is not heard, and the attendance at the mosques is very small, as the faithful do not live in any special quarter. "China has influenced Islam much more than Islam China." Their propaganda among the Chinese seems now to be very small. But they have preserved enough of their own customs to distinguish them as a religious community. They eat no pork, practice circumcision, and usually refuse to marry heathen Chinese, but if this happens the heathen must become a Mohammedan. They regard themselves as a foreign people, not as Chinese. To go to Arabia is called "going home," and of the Chinese and their customs they speak with great contempt.

Recently messengers from the Mohammedans in Peking have visited the Sultan of Turkey, the Caliph, or head of Islam, and upon their desire a Turkish ambassador has come to China to look after the condition of the Moslems there. In Kansu the priests have succeeded in having a consul of their own religion, and so have gained some power over their followers; yet the Chinese government will not give up its power over millions of their subjects, who are for the most part pure Chinese.

We regret that thus far missions have done very little for the Chinese Mohammedans.

“Take your Bible,” says the president-elect of the Wesleyan Church, “and carefully count, not the chapters or the verses, but the letters from the beginning of Genesis to the ‘Amen’ of the Revelation; and when you have accomplished the task, go over it again and again and again—ten times, twenty, forty times—nay, you must read the very letters of your Bible eighty times over before you have reached the requisite sum. It would take something like the letters of eighty Bibles to represent the men, women and children of that old and wondrous empire of China. Fourteen hundred of them have sunk into Christless graves during the last hour; thirty-three thousand will pass to-day forever beyond your reach. Dispatch your missionary to-morrow, and one million and a quarter of immortal souls, for whom Christ died, will have passed away to their final account before he can reach their shores. Whether such facts touch us or not, I think they ought to move our hearts. It is enough to make an angel weep.”


Put the people in China in rank, joining hands, and they will girdle the globe ten times. Make them an army, and let them move at the rate of one thousand a day, week after week, and month after month, and they will not pass you in one thousand years. Constitute them pilgrims, and let one thousand go past every day and every night, under the sunlight and the solemn stars, and you must hear the ceaseless tramp, tramp, tramp of the weary, pressing, throbbing throng for five hundred long years.—*From Electric Messages.*

The main purpose of the German Orient Mission, founded in 1895, is to carry the gospel to Moslems, and it has workers in Bulgaria, where they publish a monthly religious paper in Turkish, and in Persia. They meet with welcome and good success. The mission has also important medical work at Diarbekir in Asiatic Turkey.

SUCCESS IN JAVA

The Methodist missionary in this island has already baptized more than twenty Moslems, and hundreds more are inquiring of the gospel way. Two young converts from Islam are studying in the training school for native preachers, that they may preach to Moslems in Java.

The main reason why we do not have enough money is because so few are doing any definite work for Christ. *Those who are working* are giving.
—*J. Campbell White.*



Junior Work

Evangelistic Medical Educational

HELPS FOR LEADERS

BY MISS LUCIA C. WITHERBY

THE primary child wants to play with a number of other children, and is willing to let others play with his toys. This is the time, also, when his memory is most retentive. Now he wants to know the reason for things, and his mother will tell you that his little mind is one, big interrogation point.

He can think of the world as one big family very easily now. The color of another little boy or girl's face troubles him not at all, unless older people suggest it to him. Animals, also, are beginning to interest him. There is excellent material for this work. *The Great Big World*, published by the Church Missionary Society, is good. It can be obtained at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, for 70 cents post paid. *Children in Blue and What They Do* describes child life in China. It is a story which can be told a chapter at a time. The price is 56 cents, and it can be bought at the address just mentioned. *Adventures with Four-footed Folk*, by Belle Brain, is going to prove very valuable for Sunday-school workers in this grade. These sketches are of encounters of missionaries with wild beasts. They are splendid illustrations of God's care for his servants.

The Curio Boxes, illustrating Africa and Japan, which are issued by the Young People's Missionary Movement, and which can be ordered from 704 Congregational House, Boston, price \$1.50, give the best concrete missionary illustration that we have to-day. With these boxes goes a book which contains directions for using the material. The curios and miniature house in each box give interesting things enough to supply work for twelve lessons. When viewed in this light they are not so expensive as would first seem.

Having these curios as a background, much material of interest to the small boys and girls can be woven in. In each case the tiny village can become real to them. The little prince Neesima will fit very easily into the Japanese surroundings, and his two bright swords, hanging on the wall of the tiny house, can become a reality as in no other way. Fairy stories are

still interesting, but an interest in real people is also cropping out in their small minds. The children are beginning to ask: "Was it right for him to do that?" Once in awhile a small boy or girl will ask, "Is that true?" We want to begin to prepare for the next step which will be the junior grade, where everything must be true.

If you have a sand tray, you can make splendid use of the cut pictures which we have illustrating China and India, and which are five cents for the two sets.

When these pictures are colored, they can be used to illustrate almost any missionary story about those two countries. Being so inexpensive, they are within the reach of everyone, and may suggest to you objects which you can cut out and use in your work with the other countries. Do not forget the set of six postal cards illustrating child life in Turkey, which we can furnish you for ten cents a set.

Any plans which you have found successful in your work would be of great interest to us. Do give us the benefit of your experience.



ELEVEN WAYS TO AWAKEN MISSIONARY INTEREST IN YOUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASS

BY MISS THERESA HAISLIP

1. Study your lesson with a view to making missionary application of it. Give five minutes every Sunday to make that application.
2. If that is not feasible, select one lesson out of every quarter to study from the standpoint of missions; vote on it in teachers' meeting, keep it in mind for weeks ahead, gather material for it, work over it until you grow downright enthusiastic, and your class will surely catch your enthusiasm.
3. Teach them that they pray for the conversion of the world when they say, "Thy kingdom come."
4. Show them that the call is imperative. We must go or send others. And when we have sent them, our obligation does not cease. We must give freely of our means and prayers to keep them in the field.

5. If you are a teacher of small boys and girls, teach them a prayer that they will understand, and take to heart. Our infant class has this little prayer: "Teach my mind to honor thy name. Teach my eyes to search the Scriptures. Teach my mouth to tell the glad tidings. Teach my hands to work for the spread of the gospel. Teach my heart to love and serve thee from my youth up. For Christ's sake. Amen."

6. Get a list of the missionaries of our church. Ask your class to vote for one to be its missionary. Teach the members to pray for him. Write to him, so that the class can come into personal touch with him. Be on the lookout for reports and sketches of his field and work. The result will be that your class will feel a warm, personal interest in its missionary.

7. Never lose the opportunity to influence them to dedicate their lives wholly to his service. Tell them it does not take men and women of great talents to preach the gospel, but "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise and the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty."

8. Before the advent of a real missionary give an enthusiastic account of his work, thus making each class eager to see or hear him.

9. You will need missionary material to illustrate various parts of the lesson. "You will be amazed at its abundance, astonished at the aptness of its application, and delighted with the new interest it awakens in Bible study."

10. Whenever the question of giving comes up persuade your class to earn money to give, or make some real sacrifice. They owe him the best of their time and talents, for it was an act of God's goodness that they were born in this Christian land, with its great advantages and blessings, instead of in the heathen country, with its oppression, superstition and ignorance.

11. Get missionary books for the library, and interest your scholars in them.

Lastly, if this task of filling our scholars with a desire to spread the gospel and bring hope and comfort to the benighted heathen be neglected, we will be like the Israelites who, when they were told to go into the land of Canaan and take it, refused, because the cities were walled and filled with giants. The consequence was their bones bleached on the Arabian deserts, and God raised up another generation to do the same work, and they did it.

Will we imitate these unbelieving Israelites, or will we, by God's help, do this great work, and receive the promise?—*Selected.*

SUGGESTIONS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS

TOPIC FOR MARCH

THE NEARER AND THE FARTHER EAST—CHAPTER V

SIAM

First the geography, gathering briefly from text-book, encyclopedia, and books of travel, facts of location, size, climate, productions. Let another describe the people and their customs. A third may give special notes of Bangkok, the Oriental Venice. Another will speak of the king, his education and his work for his country—all these to be three-minute talks.

To gain an idea of the missionary work in Siam we must seek the publications of the Presbyterian Board; and leaders will do well to send to 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, for *Siam and Laso*, *Questions and Answers*, price, 5 cents; *Call to Siam and Laso*, and *Kenia*, 2 cents each. Their magazine, *Woman's Work for Woman*, gives much help in the numbers for May, 1907, May 1908, and January, 1909.

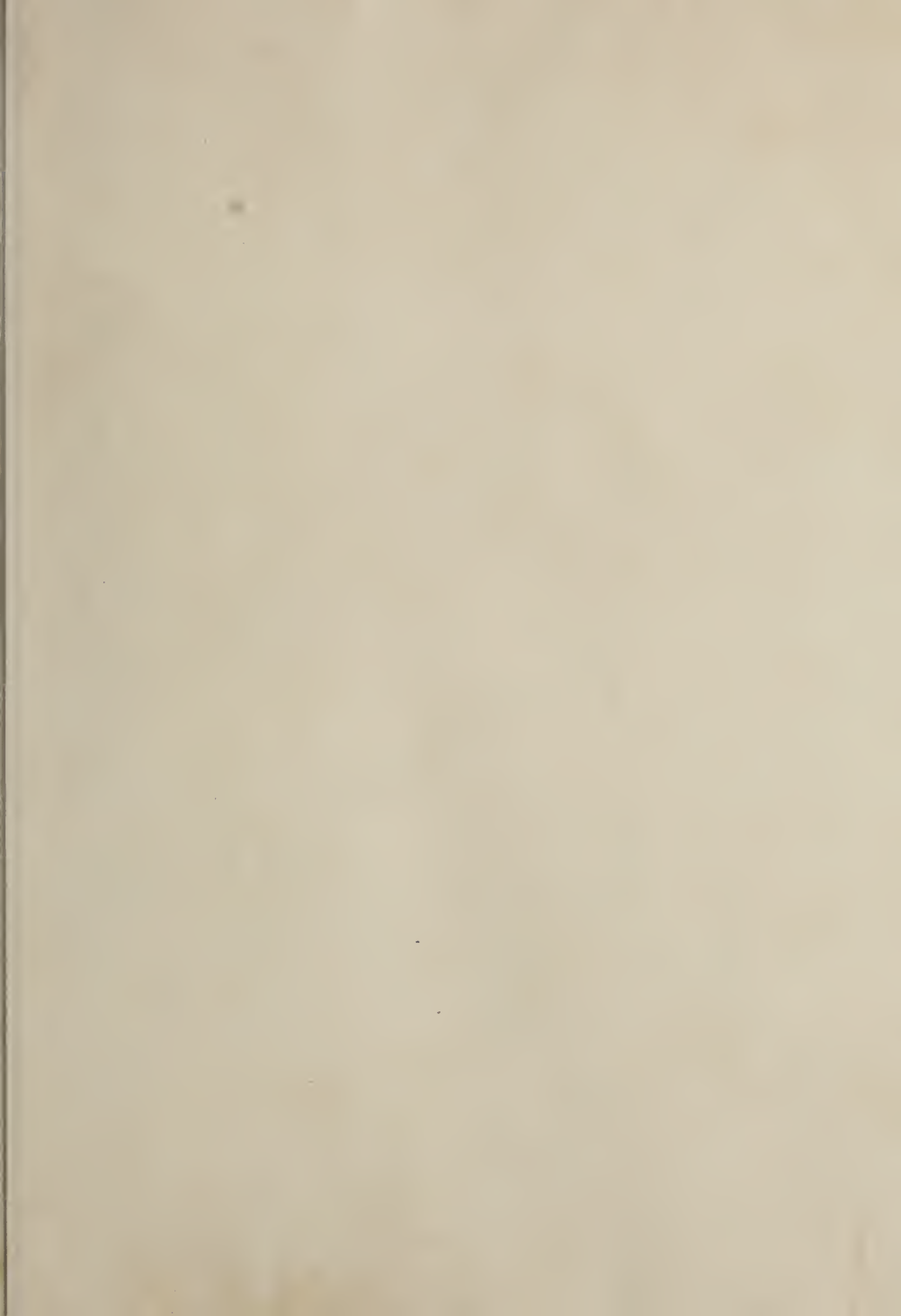
BOOK NOTICES

India, Its Life and Thought. By John P. Jones, D.D. Published by The Macmillan Company. Pp. 448. Price, \$2.50 net.

This is a fine specimen of mechanical excellence in the art of book making. Good paper, clear type, which is possible to read easily by artificial light in winter evenings, unhackneyed illustrations. A copious table of contents and an index makes this book a delight to the eyes. And the subject-matter is equally satisfactory. Dr. Jones' previous work on *India's Problem: Krishna or Christ*, had put him in the front rank of the ever-increasing company of missionary scholars and statesmen the world around.

The book opens with a strategic statement of the causes and extent of India's unrest under British rule. At a recent Twentieth Century Club meeting Dr. Jones presented this subject to the company gathered there—a company made up of clergymen of all denominations, professors, educators, reformers and literary men, by no means over sympathetic with the missionary point of view. But it was the secular rather than the spiritual aspect that Dr. Jones presented, and he showed himself such a master of his theme that he was listened to with profound attention, and received hearty and prolonged applause at the close of his remarks. He was then subjected to a fire of questions, two or three of the company on their feet at once, and the lecturer was equal to the demand. The feeling produced was that there was a large reserve fund of information which might be drawn on if time had permitted.

The dedication of this book is pathetic in the glimpse it gives one of the sacrifices both missionary parents and children undergo in their enforced separation from each other. It reads thus: "To my dear children who



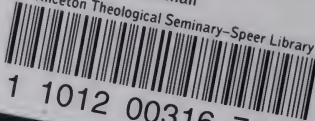
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Life and Light for Woman

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